





# DIE LEERE MITTE

*Random Access Journal*

B E R L I N

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Issue n.11  $\rightarrow$  7/2021  
22°C  $\rightarrow$  52.4802743  $\rightarrow$  13.5441468  
.....

```
#include <stdio.h>
int main()
{
    printf("Hello, Berlin!");
    return 0;
}
```



DIE LEERE MITTE  
*Guidelines*

**Broadly accepted:** Experimental and conceptual writing, theoretical papers, asemic and concrete texts, vispo, theorems, axiom collection, quantum weirdness, reviews of books addressing these topics and the like.

**Texts:** poetry (60 lines max. overall); prose (500-600 words max. overall). *Format:* Times New Roman 12; single line spacing; all in one .doc or .odt file. *Languages:* Catalan, Croatian, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish.

**Visual:** 1-3 B&W images. *Format:* jpg, tiff, png, 72-300 DPI.

Simultaneous submissions are welcome, provided that the piece is withdrawn if accepted elsewhere, as well as previously published works when properly credited. Each issue will be free to download (.pdf). A printed version will be made available through lulu.com for collectors. No reading fee; no payment or copies to contributors at present. Authors assume responsibility for the originality, intellectual property rights and ethical implications of submitted works.

submissions: [leeremittemag@gmail.com](mailto:leeremittemag@gmail.com)

home: <https://leserpent.wordpress.com/category/dlm/>

twitter: @LeereMitte

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*Scout* by Stephanie Taralson was specifically composed in response to the writing invitation about the dance language of bees, presented during the *Poetic Vision* workshop organized by «SAND» in Berlin, on 25/04/2021.

Those interested in the project may find details on the page:

<http://federicofederici.net/webinar/poetic-vision/>

Submitted results will be highlighted in the future issues of the magazine.

*Introduction*

Bees are socially organised beings and their survival is dependent on communication and cooperation with conspecifics, i.e. beings of the same species. To what extent is my survival dependent on communication with my conspecific community about our shared needs?

Bees ‘speak’ on two main topics: shelter and food. Their dancing communicates temporality and directionality, as well as qualitative evaluation, and includes a signification of audience. What topics do I speak about with my conspecifics that are vital to my survival? What aspects do I try to communicate?

Language exists as an interpretive medium through which two beings exchange knowledge, perception, and experience. Any behaviour that uses a system of signs to accomplish the exchange of knowledge, perception, or experience functions as a communicative language. The dances of bees are examples of one such sign-mediated, communicative behaviour. What languages do/could I use for my survival communication? What signs mediate my interactions with others?

Language is not merely a formal procedure; it is adaptive and situational, and mutuality within interactions results from practice and experience. ‘Fluency’ requires involvement as an interactional subject. How/when/why are ‘languages’ co-created between human participants?

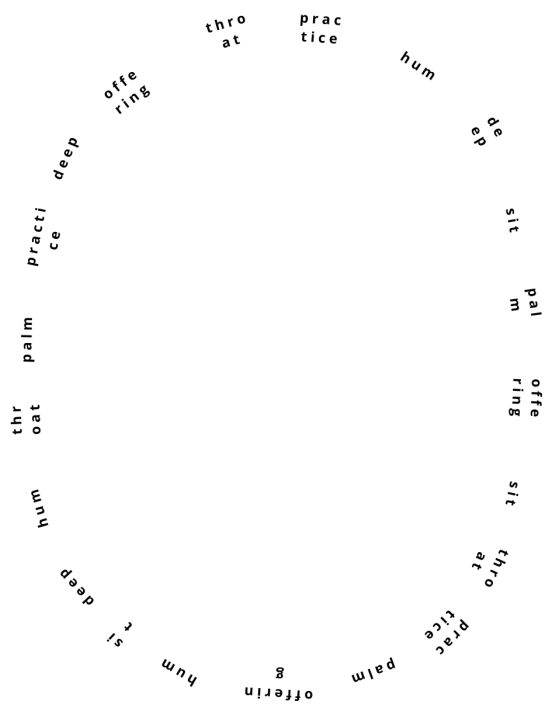
Generative linguistic behaviour has arisen in bees evolutionarily

and innovatively in response to their survival needs. How have I generated meaning by evolving and innovating my languages?

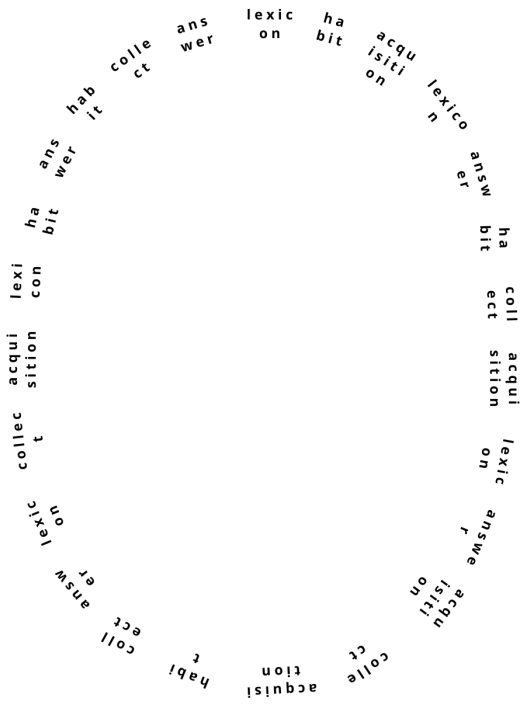
With ‘Scout’, my goal has been to use procedural poetic constraints to imitate the experience of co-creating language, mediated by a system of signs that have been adapted to invite an unfamiliar interaction, although the signs themselves are familiar as a communicative mechanism. The poems were designed to be generative of new experiences of meaning-making; descriptive of temporality, directionality, and quality, just like the dance language of bees; and primarily visual and physical, rather than aural or semic.

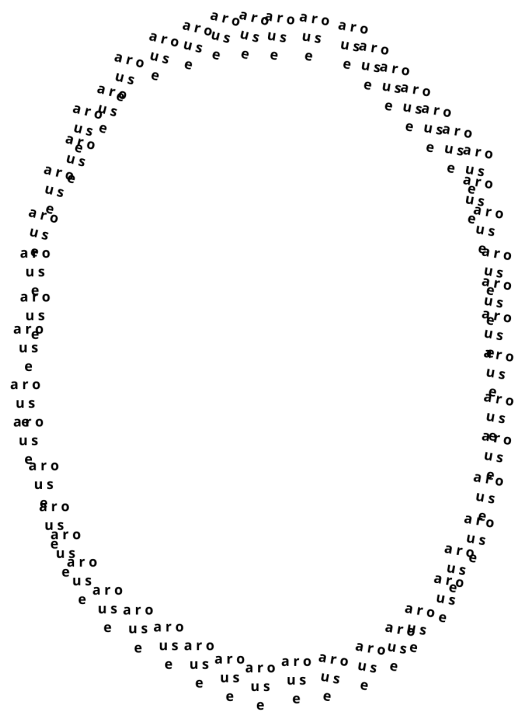


[illegible]









John M. Bennett · *moneda*

m●neda

≈suitcase floats in the basement was ≈  
my teeth on edge of glass stairs are  
water and grass my fone whistles  
barks ¿is what stone drips  
from ceiling? o cielo  
incacazante inalcanzadble  
fonética del trueno del  
*tornillo serpentífico*  
*de mis intextinos*  
*fofos*  
*podridos*  
*en el aire*  
*humedanzante*

●  
baile de los  
relojes  
ahogándose  
en las venas  
etiquetas blancas de  
la suitcase  
rezan sobre un  
destino nulo  
lourde et invisible  
adoquines transparentes avec des  
poissons condamnés

●  
c● in glints in the mud

**BDOOR DBOOR CLOUD**

cloud agate

*nose*  
~wind~  
*stone*

exit thru the hinder leg  
ice in coffin  
shoes tumbled on pillow  
cracks scatter up  
window glass a horn  
bleats curb  
wind crunches in my ear  
*thru in on up in*  
...graveled mouth...

≈  
lung sweat  
yr nostril floats

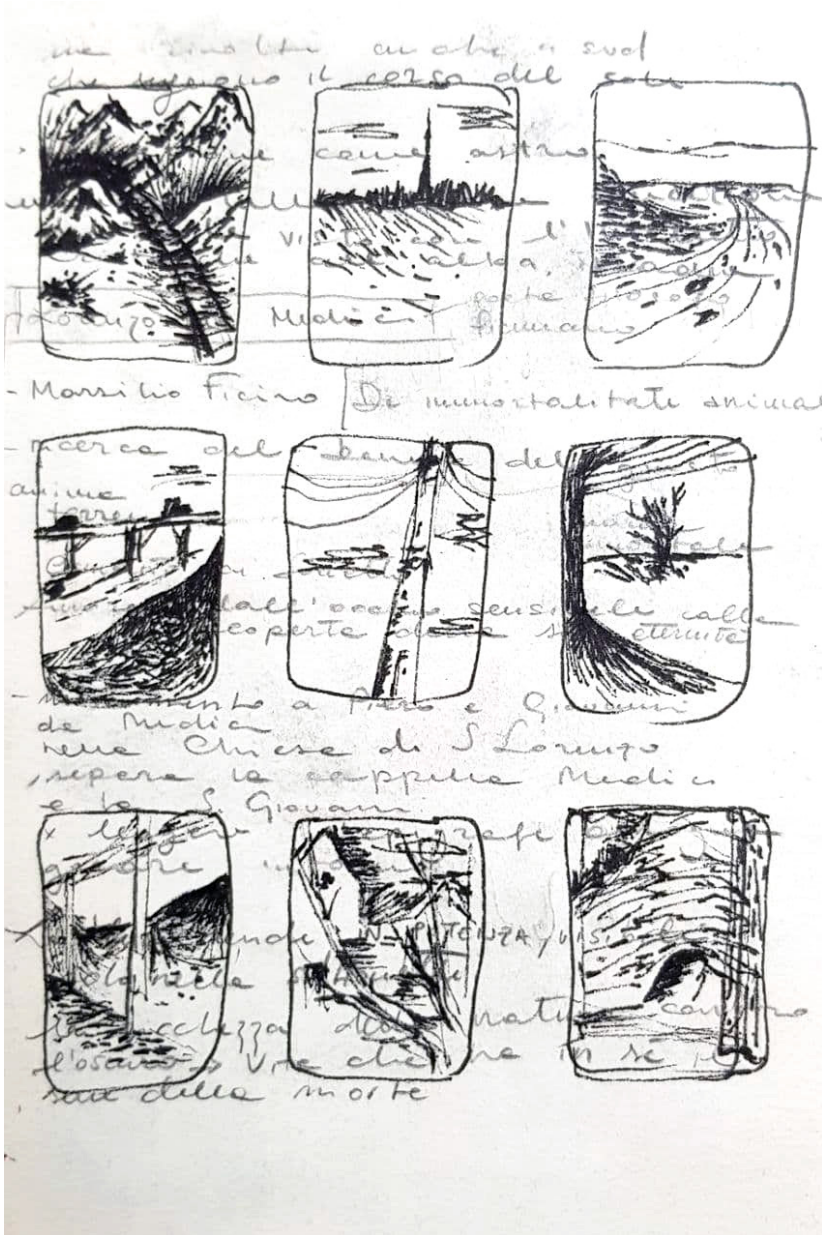
≈  
*no winds no winds no winds*  
*nos wind nos wind nos wind*  
*no winds no winds no winds*  
*nos wind nos wind nos wind*

~ ~ ~  
ssinkk  
ccloudd  
ddoorr









LEZIONE 7

Benedetto da Morrone

fulpito della Chiesa di S. Croce

Crista appears here for me

del Chorizo en Chilipe

Geru ~~Geru~~ la groc un-fa-~~un-fa~~

all ~~other~~ for all

~~identitē fīe lē e fīgura~~

divisa:  che  me

e l'au

Scute

FIGURE 1

NUDI ... NIMA

CARR, ANNA

Ven to Fred's 1022-15c

11 calculus 11

che quindi porta in cielo

\_\_\_\_\_

CITAZIONE FICINO (P. 57)

11. Costo del corpo/forse

24/11/1961

alla

Yoda a... a prise le sens

11. Che mangia da piccolo? Beneoleto

venezza proprio ad

transitorietà, trasformazione  
esaltazione del Fato

CITAZIONE ZENONE p. 62

Leonardo filosofo della natura  
in cui la mente della natura  
governa l'Universo. Dio non  
Dio Cristiano, ma fatalità della  
natura.

immagini in pittura della natura  
ma meravigliose.

• Ginevra di Seneca

• Annunziata

esaltazione della natura  
rispetto alla fatalità di Dio  
- la natura nella fatalità  
figura umana di Seneca

1472 Vergine della torre

dilatazione dell'impeto della  
grotte

CIT. SENECA p. 63

le stesse forze naturali  
che hanno forgiato le  
grotte sono quelle che



Venere

- svolgimento narrativo orizzontale  
↳ onole

transizione → trasportata  
del uomo

fiori - che inviolano

è questo quel ch'ancide e  
strugge il core

+ Madonna della Melagrine

fora del  
con  
d'un  
Giov



immagine  
un centro  
molti

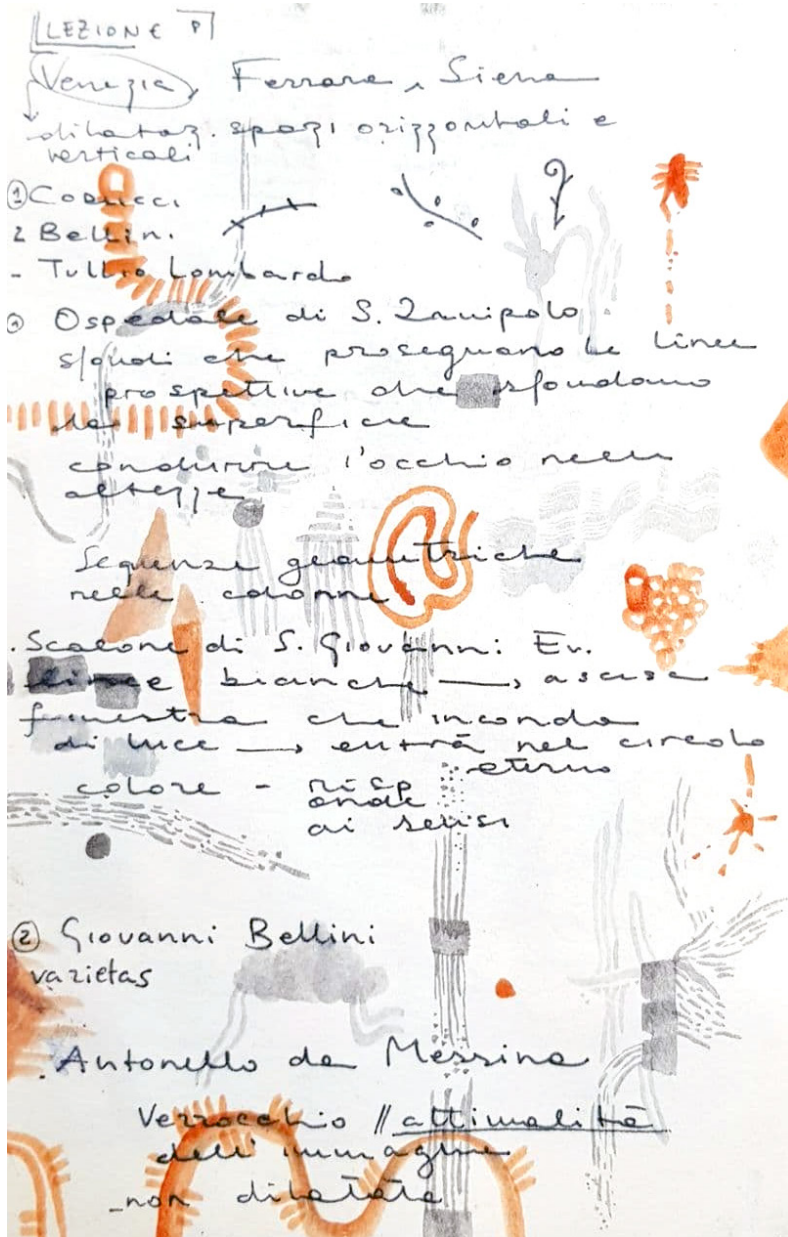
dont  
protonismo

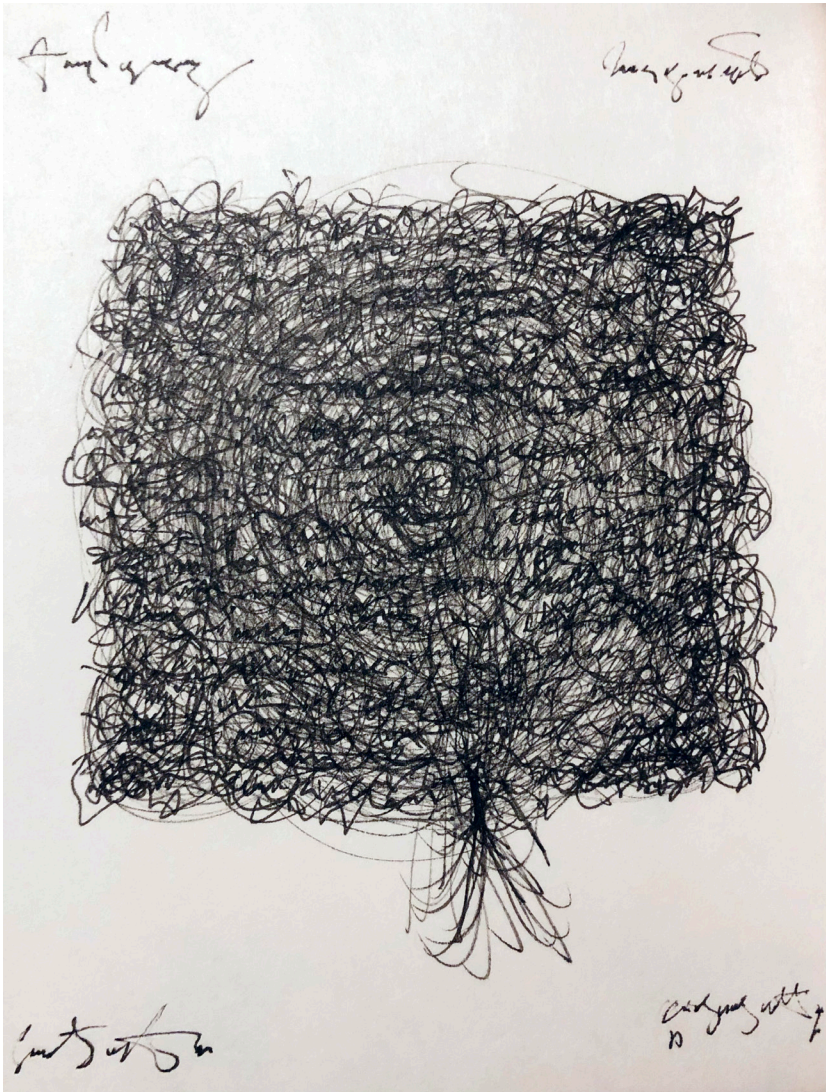
① Leonardo da Vinci

+ vicino allo Stoicismo

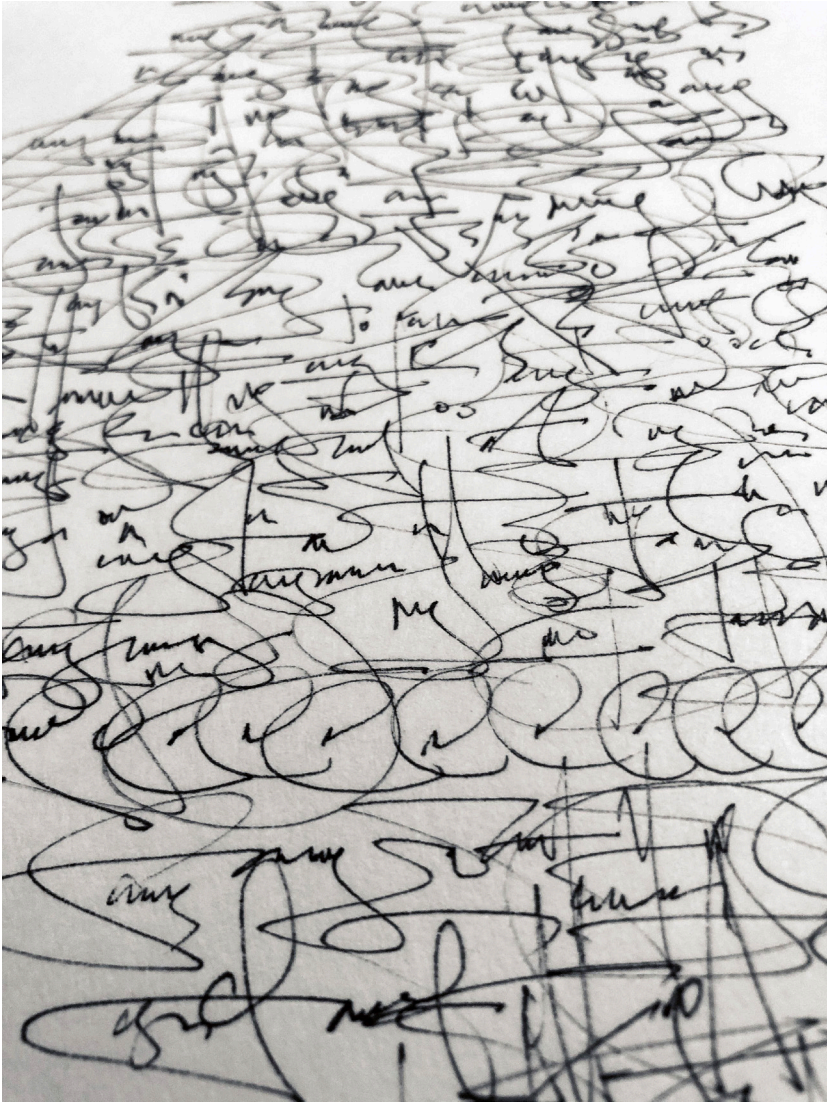
attualizz. dell'immagine  
dall'oscurità di  
fondo + ~~fante~~ presa  
catalettica

verità svelata dalla  
lice













Make a joyful noise  
unto the wallpaper,  
let us sing unto the ice pick,  
unto the man who squints  
in the presence of the light.

Dear Lord, it's me!  
The light is drilling a pinhole  
through my head  
for the angels to take aim at that pool  
of grease, my life.

Someone's loving hands  
pressed to my temples,  
prophetic phosphenes  
offering a preview  
of tonight's coming attractions.

I am useless and dangerous,  
or perhaps merely useless.  
Why then do I wake  
with blood on my fingers,  
meat in the refrigerator

and a clean conscience?  
From every face, in every eye  
my narrow grave yawns,  
bored with the prospect  
of admitting me.

We interrupt this life with urgent news  
of a love fog moving into the area.  
For the next few days, visibility  
will be reduced to zero  
and you may not notice little things  
like garbage trucks about to run you down  
or air conditioners falling from second-story windows.  
The fog may be accompanied  
by a rapid heartbeat and a heightened sense  
of why certain songs make you cry,  
though right now for some reason  
they will make you laugh like an imbecile.  
Do not sign any financial documents  
during this weather blackout, and do not remove  
any article of clothing you are unwilling to lose.  
Stay in bed with the covers pulled up  
to your chin and ask for a pair  
of soft hands to wipe your brow with a damp cloth  
every few moments until the emergency passes  
and the forecast calls for a prolonged yawn  
and a million years of sleep.

We always have plenty of silence  
but then there's so little demand.  
Even when they think they want it  
they often return it unopened,  
and those weightless boxes take up a lot of space,  
big and full of air.  
We also have no shortage of crickets  
though good luck trying to count them.  
They seem to be everywhere  
yet you can never actually find one.  
Moonlight is still one of our biggest sellers—  
whether from a full, half, sliver, or even a new moon—  
it remains reliably popular  
as other things go into and out of fashion.  
Our shelves contain any number of strange new drinks  
the thirst for which has not yet been invented,  
and a variety of snacks which, sadly,  
the stock clerk seems to have confused  
with rat poison.  
Management assumes no responsibility.  
Time, of course, is short, a perennial problem.  
No sooner do we get some in  
than it flies out the door,  
leaving no more trace  
than our shadowy, anonymous customers.

Kurt Luchs · *Nocturne*

At this hour before morning  
the colors remain indistinct,  
gray that could be blue,  
blue that could be purple.  
There is not much difference  
between dark and light,  
night and day, past and present.  
As the sky, so my thoughts.  
Like the silent and invisible birds  
I could be waiting for something to begin  
if there were such a thing as time.

Our household was a novel inside a play,  
the novel being *Lord of the Flies*  
and the play being *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*  
Seven feral children shipwrecked on the reef of a bad marriage  
made a savage society of their own devices,  
a tribe doomed to wander the deserted suburban island  
on which they found themselves stranded.  
Their double sentence: life without parole, death by madness.  
Seven bodies survived, seven sarcophagi  
filled with psyches crushed to dust.  
Did you know that in the netherworld the dead eat their own,  
there being nothing else? And then they are all  
eaten by sand and waves and wind and time.  
It's another story without a happy ending,  
a story with the single lonely virtue of being true.

Steffen M. Diebold · *ambiguous letter*

[

...

]

Steffen M. Diebold · *virus*

die orchis brütet  
in brackwasser es

schimmert das seuche  
papillom rot auf

fliesen der eiter  
wie pflaumen-chutney.

tritt  
tritt  
tritt

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tritt  
tritt

auf.  
bei.  
über.

ein.  
zu.  
an.

aus.  
ab.  
fehl.

fuß.  
arsch.  
rück.



your life span's  
an interval

you'll never get  
crossed safely!

ka ta rakt  
vers fall das

kir re im  
kies bett der

scha tten riss  
gleich auf mit

a der schlag  
sinn frei wie

wei land blut  
und was ser.

gesteinigt werde  
mein name

mein leich komme mein  
wille verwehe

wie in himmelen  
so allhier

und vergilb uns  
unsere feinde

wie auch wir ver  
silbern die sünde.

